By
MIKE W. BARR
ALAN DAVIS
RICK MAGYAR
ARNOLD PANDER
JACOB PANDER
JOE STATON
BILL WILLINGHAM

Full-Color Special

$2.75 U.S./$3.50 Can.

Welcome to a special issue of ***THE MAZE AGENCY*** – as New York's prettiest detective, *Jennifer Mays*, and true crime writer *Gabriel Webb* solve **four** fair-play whodunits that challenge you to solve the mysteries as they unfold.

THIS ISSUE: It's a day in the life of Gabe and Jennifer...but what a day it is. Three mysteries – "Morning: What Goes Up," "Afternoon: Murder By A Hair," and "Evening: The Dog That Bit Back" – taking place *the same day*, each illustrated by a different artist!

SPECIAL BONUS: A "second cover" and the original ***MAZE AGENCY*** story, "The Mile-High Corpse," by Mike W. Barr and Alan Davis – published here in color for the first time. Plus: Alan Davis' original character designs for Gabe and Jennifer, as well as special background text features by Mike Barr!

More Murder
For Your Money!

From the desk of Jennifer Mays

the MAZE AGENTS

Send your letters to:
3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

Who, What, Where, When, Why...And How.

One of the more compulsive side-effects of creating characters is that you want to have them drawn by every good artist you can think of, to see how each individual talent will treat them. That was part of the reason behind what became ***THE MAZE AGENCY SPECIAL #1***.

To ties the stories together, I decided series protagonists Jennifer Mays and Gabe Webb would solve three separate homicides in the space of a single day...a kind of murder marathon, as Ellery Queen might say.

The first two choices were relatively simple: I've long been a fan of -- and too infrequently a collaborator with -- artist *Joe Staton*, and wanted to see his interpretation of the ***MAZE*** cast. (Joe would later go on to pencil *The Maze Agency* #6 for Comico, but his story here is embellished by series inker *Rick Magyar*.)

Speaking of Rick, he certainly deserved a chance to show what he could do on his own behind the drawing board, and I think his offering here will surprise only those who haven't seen his full art elsewhere.

As to the last story...well, editor emeritus Michael Eury and I had been discussing that with no firm decision, when Mike called me one day to tell me that *the Pander Brothers* , Jacob and Arnold, were available.

After recalling their unique (in the exact meaning of the word) work on the *Ginger Fox* mini-series at Comico, I realized I *had* to see what Jen and Gabe's world looked like through the eyes of Los Bros. Pander.

I had no idea what I would see; I only knew that I wouldn't be disappointed.

(While showing their story to former series penciller Adam Hughes, I commented that the Pander Brothers' version of Lieutenant Bliss "could lick any man in the place." "While giving birth," added Adam, trenchantly.)

As an added treat, we decided to include the very first ***MAZE AGENCY*** story ever drawn, by artist *Alan Davis*.

Wrap a cover by *Bill Willingham* and *Magyar* around that, and you have an entertainment package it's difficult to beat. Possible, maybe -- but darn difficult.

-- Mike W. Barr
November, 1989

THE MAZE AGENCY® SPECIAL
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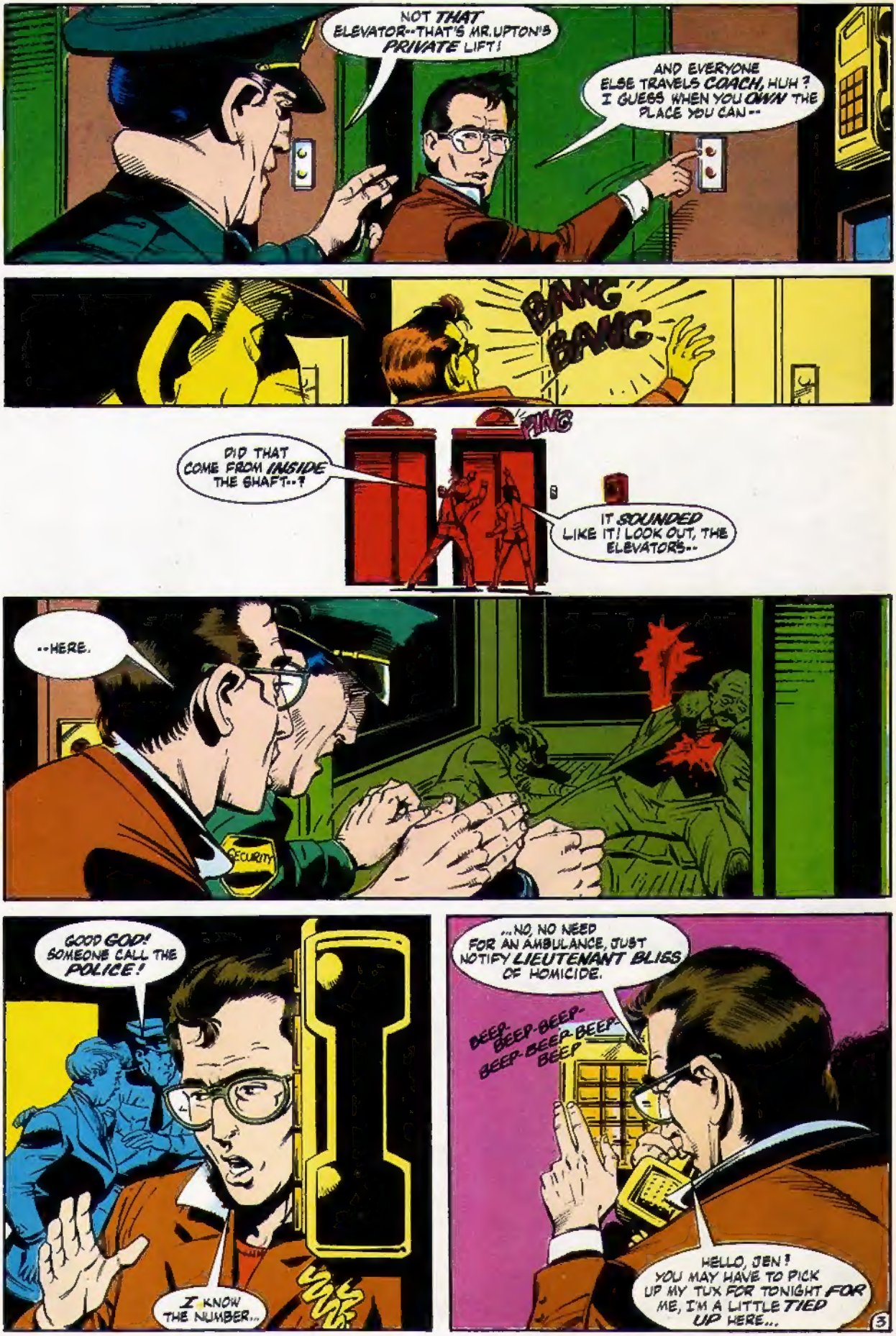
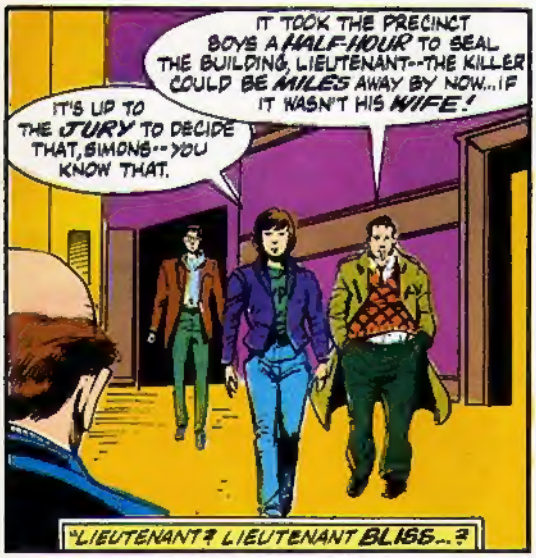
MIKE W. BARR Writer/Creator	JOE STATON Illustrator	RICK MAGYAR Embellisher
VICKIE WILLIAMS Letterer	SCOTT ROCKWELL Colorist	DAVID CAMPITI Editor

MORNING: WHAT GOES UP...

"... IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE THE FIRST MRS. JAMES UPTON COMMITTED SUICIDE FROM HER HUSBAND'S OFFICE WINDOW. MY EDITOR WANTS AN ARTICLE, AND--"
UPTON ELEVATORS
"AND I WILL NOT LET YOU INTRUDE INTO MY EMPLOYER'S LIFE, MR. WEBB."
HIS GRIEF OVER LOSING HIS WIFE HAS FINALLY BEEN ASSUAGED, DON'T YOU THINK HE DESERVES HIS PEACE?
IN A WAY, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. IF I DON'T WRITE THIS ARTICLE, SOMEONE ELSE WILL--AND HE MIGHT BE MORE CONCERNED WITH FLASH THAN SUBSTANCE.
IS MR. UPTON'S OFFICE READY FOR HIS ELEVEN O'CLOCK MEETING, THEN?
AH, FINE.
BRRNNNG
BUG AWAY
IT'S THE GARAGE, MRS. RIGGS-- THE MISTER AND MRS. WILL BE UP IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.
THANK YOU, FLANNERY.
AND FLANNERY, MR. WEBB WAS JUST LEAVING-- DO YOU NEED ANY HELP, MR. WEBB?
NONE AT ALL, MRS. RIGGS.
2


NOT THAT ELEVATOR--THAT'S MR. UPTON'S PRIVATE LIFT!
AND EVERYONE ELSE TRAVELS COACH, HUH? I GUESS WHEN YOU OWN THE PLACE YOU CAN--
BANG BANG
DID THAT COME FROM INSIDE THE SHAFT--?
PING
IT SOUNDED LIKE IT! LOOK OUT, THE ELEVATORS--
--HERE.
SECURITY
GOOD GOD! SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE!
I KNOW THE NUMBER...
...NO, NO NEED FOR AN AMBULANCE, JUST NOTIFY LIEUTENANT BLISS OF HOMICIDE.
BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP
HELLO, JEN! YOU MAY HAVE TO PICK UP MY TUX FOR TONIGHT FOR ME, I'M A LITTLE TIED UP HERE...
3


IT TOOK THE PRECINCT BOYS A HALF-HOUR TO SEAL THE BUILDING, LIEUTENANT--THE KILLER COULD BE MILES AWAY BY NOW...IF IT WASN'T HIS WIFE!
IT'S UP TO THE JURY TO DECIDE THAT, SIMONS--YOU KNOW THAT.
"LIEUTENANT? LIEUTENANT BLISS...?

LIEUTENANT, MY NAME IS JOSEPH UPTON. I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT WE'LL BE GLAD TO CO-OPERATE IN ANY WAY TO PROSECUTE MY BROTHER'S MURDERER.
THANK YOU, MR. UPTON, BUT I'M NOT CONVINCED THIS IS AS OPEN-AND-SHUT AS YOU SEEM TO.

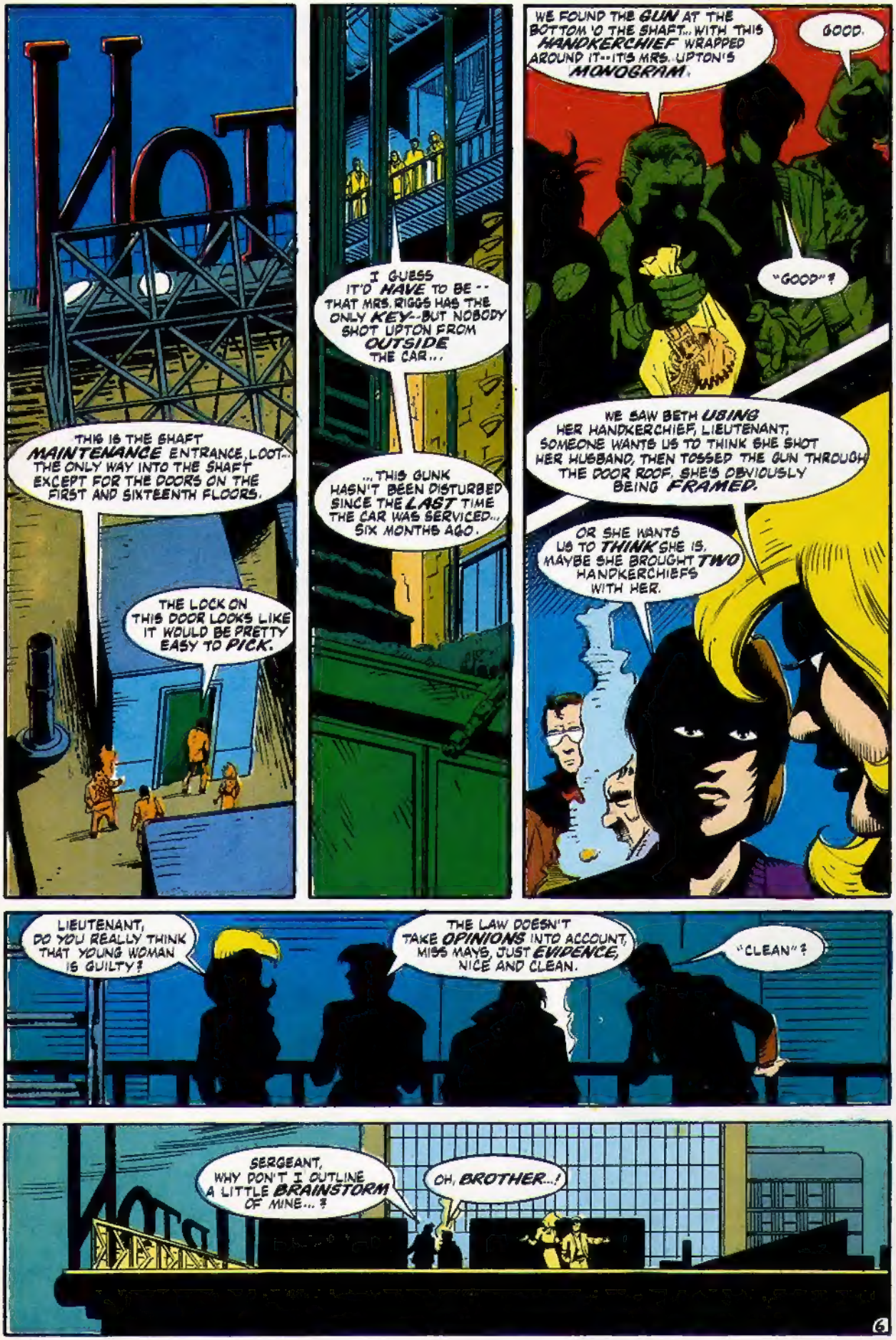
I THINK YOU WILL, LIEUTENANT. I'M HAROLD WARD, JAMES'S VICE-PRESIDENT. YOU MUST EXCUSE MY WIFE MADELYN--HER BROTHER'S DEATH HAS LEFT HER QUITE DISTRAUGHT.
I UNDERSTAND, MR. WARD.

IT WAS THAT LITTLE GOLD DIGGER, LIEUTENANT--HIS WIFE! SOB! WHO ELSE COULD HAVE SHOT HIM?
THAT'S WHAT I HAVE TO FIND OUT, MRS. WARD. EXCUSE ME.
"NOT SO FAST, PROFESSOR."
I PROMISE I WON'T TOUCH A THING, SERGEANT. I WON'T EVEN SAY ANYTHING, HONEST--!

DON'T MAKE PROMISES YOU CAN'T KEEP, WEBB. I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D WANNA SEE WHO JUST ARRIVED.
HI THERE, ACE. ARE YOU OKAY?
ME? I'M FINE...

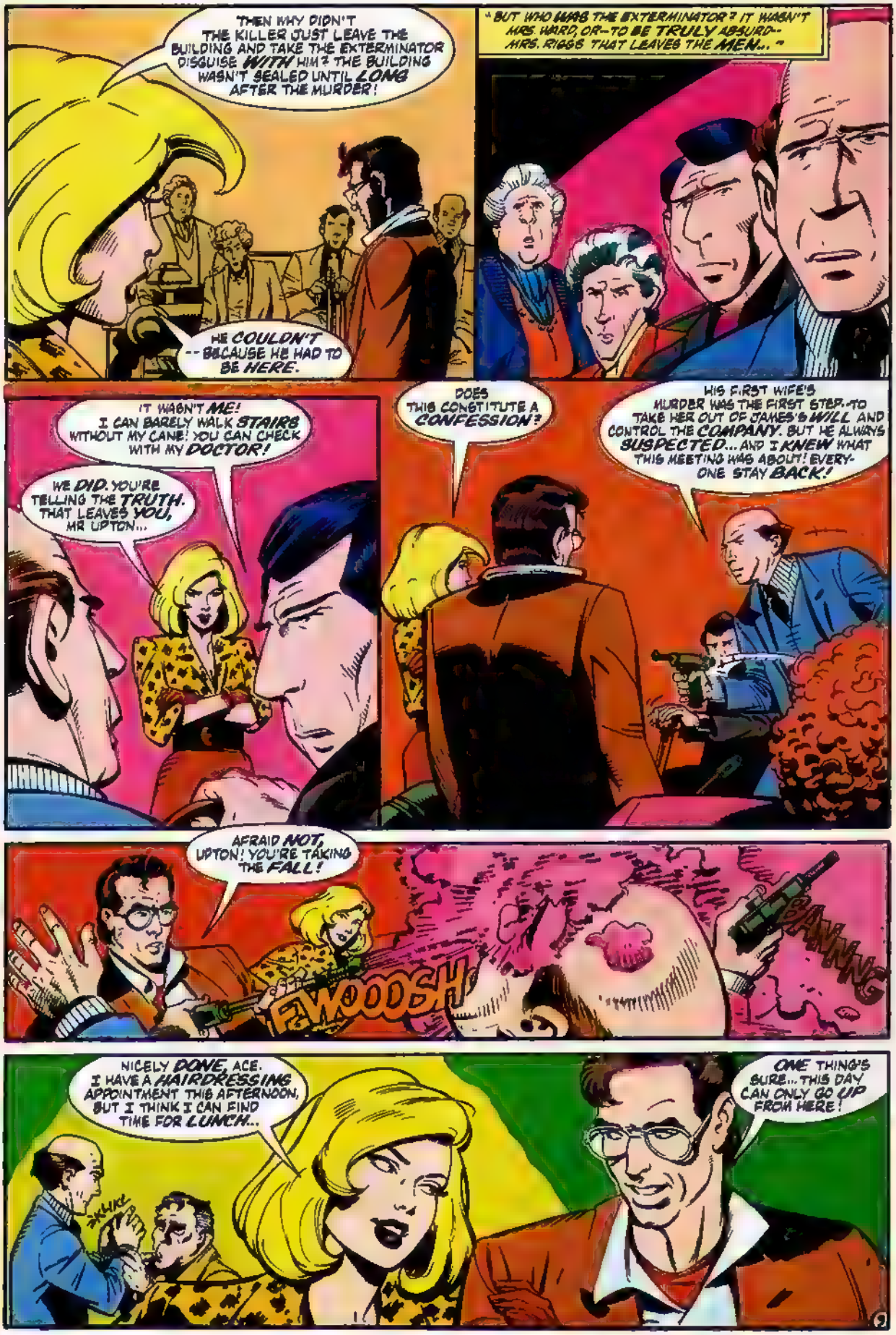
...AND I JUST GOT EVEN BETTER. LOOKS LIKE THE COPS NEED OUR MAZE AGENCY TO PULL THEIR FAT OUT OF THE FIRE AGAIN.
"OUR..."?

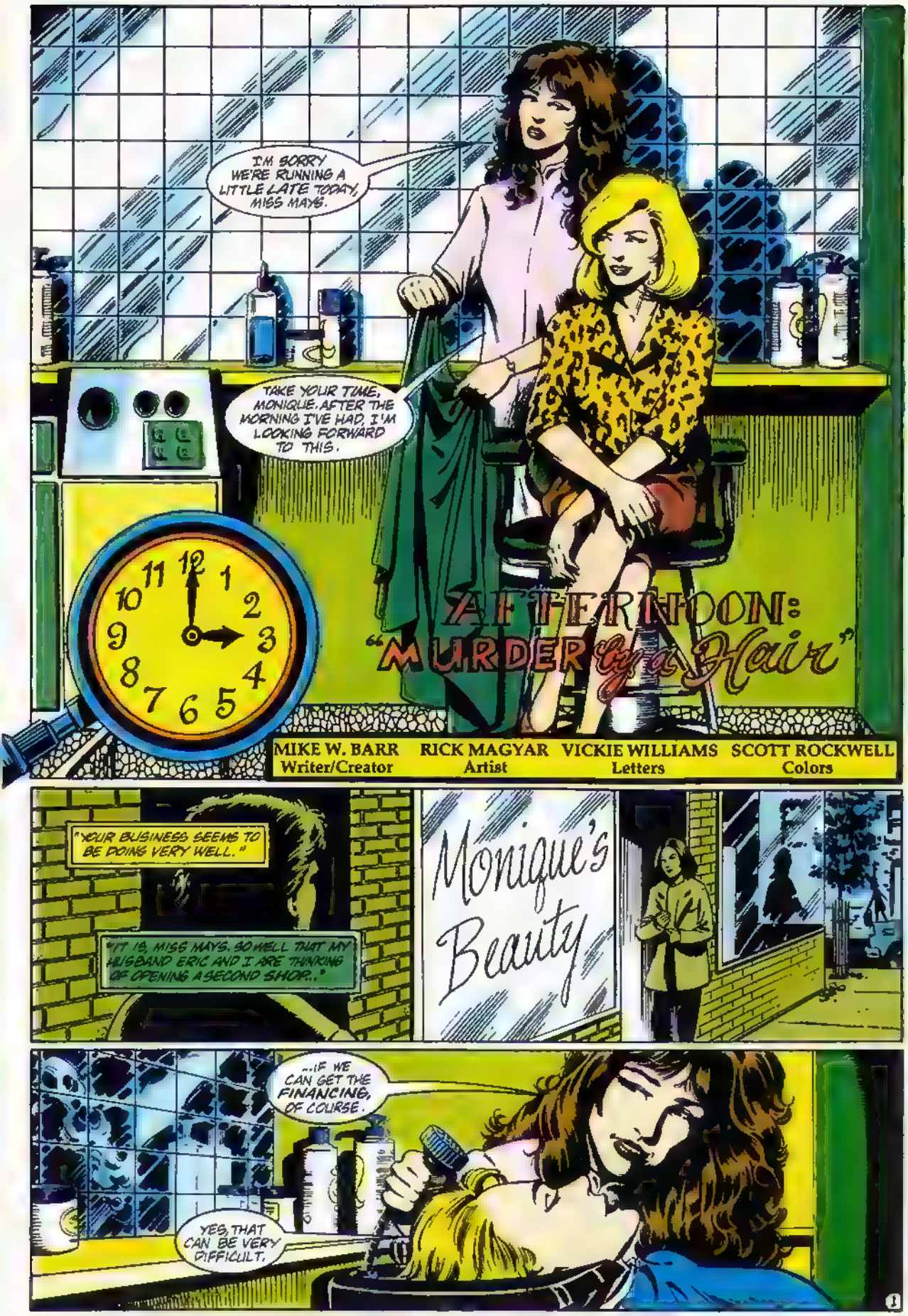
MAZE IS MY DETECTIVE AGENCY, REMEMBER? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'D RATHER REMAIN A CRIME WRITER.
BECAUSE BUSINESS AND ROMANCE DON'T MIX, BABE... BUT LET'S SHELVE THIS FOR LATER...
"...THIS CASE HAS ALL THE MAKINGS OF A CLASSIC."
I'M VERY SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, MRS. UPTON, BUT I HAVE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS.
PLEASE CALL ME BETH, LIEUTENANT. IT LOOKS VERY BAD, DOESN'T IT?
"YES, MA'AM, IT DOES."
I DIDN'T KILL JAMES! WE WERE COMING UP IN THE ELEVATOR WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS FIRED. I... I GUESS I MUST HAVE FAINTED.
ARE YOU THAT HIGHLY-STRUNG, MRS. UPTON?
"I'M EXTREMELY CLAUSTROPHOBIC. EVEN WHEN I WAS JAMES'S SECRETARY, I USED TO WALK ALL SIXTEEN FLIGHTS. HE SAID HIS WIFE SHOULD NOT BE AFRAID OF ELEVATORS, AND WAS TRYING TO CURE ME.
"I WAS NERVOUS ALREADY, AND WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS...
...I GUESS I MUST HAVE SOB'd FAINTED...
WAS IT NORMAL FOR YOU TO ATTEND YOUR HUSBAND'S BUSINESS MEETINGS, MRS. UPTON?
THIS WASN'T A BUSINESS MEETING... JAMES SAID HIS FIRST WIFE HADN'T COMMITTED SUICIDE, THAT SHE WAS MURDERED...
...AND THAT HE COULD PROVE IT!
5


THIS IS THE SHAFT MAINTENANCE ENTRANCE, LOOT-- THE ONLY WAY INTO THE SHAFT EXCEPT FOR THE DOORS ON THE FIRST AND SIXTEENTH FLOORS.
THE LOCK ON THIS DOOR LOOKS LIKE IT WOULD BE PRETTY EASY TO PICK.
I GUESS IT'D HAVE TO BE -- THAT MRS. RIGGS HAS THE ONLY KEY--BUT NOBODY SHOT UPTON FROM OUTSIDE THE CAR...
...THIS GUNK HASN'T BEEN DISTURBED SINCE THE LAST TIME THE CAR WAS SERVICED... SIX MONTHS AGO.
WE FOUND THE GUN AT THE BOTTOM O THE SHAFT... WITH THIS HANDKERCHIEF WRAPPED AROUND IT--IT'S MRS. UPTON'S MONOGRAM.
GOOD.
"GOOD"?
WE SAW BETH USING HER HANDKERCHIEF, LIEUTENANT, SOMEONE WANTS US TO THINK SHE SHOT HER HUSBAND, THEN TOSSED THE GUN THROUGH THE DOOR ROOF. SHE'S OBVIOUSLY BEING FRAMED.
OR SHE WANTS US TO THINK SHE IS. MAYBE SHE BROUGHT TWO HANDKERCHIEFS WITH HER.
LIEUTENANT, DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT YOUNG WOMAN IS GUILTY?
THE LAW DOESN'T TAKE OPINIONS INTO ACCOUNT, MISS MAYS, JUST EVIDENCE, NICE AND CLEAN.
"CLEAN"?
SERGEANT, WHY DON'T I OUTLINE A LITTLE BRAINSTORM OF MINE...?
OH, BROTHER...!

THANKS, MRS. RIGGS. I HOPE WE WON'T BE TOO MUCH LONGER.
WHERE'S SIMONS, ANYWAY?
HE'S...UH... WORKING ON AN IDEA OF MINE, LIEUTENANT.
OF YOURS? SINCE WHEN DO YOU PAY HIS SALARY?
WELL, I AM A TAXPAYER, AFTER ALL...
BABE...
WE FOUND IT, LIEUTENANT--IN THE JANITOR'S CLOSET, BACK BY THE ROOF ENTRANCE! JUST LIKE THE PROFESSOR SAID WE WOULD!
FOUND WHAT, SIMONS?
I THOUGHT SO! THAT EXTERMINATOR WAS A FAKE--THAT TELLS US HOW THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED...
...AND THE FACT THAT HE LEFT HIS GEAR BEHIND TELLS US WHO!
YEAH...COME TO THINK OF IT, IT DOES!
THE BUG-AWAY COMPANY SAYS THEIR MAN'S NOT MAKING HIS MONTHLY VISIT UNTIL TOMORROW, BUT THE KILLER THOUGHT NO ONE WOULD NOTICE IF HE CAME A DAY EARLY..

...AND USE THIS STUFF TO FRAME MRS. UPTON FOR A CRIME THAT LOOKED OTHERWISE IMPOSSIBLE!
RIDICULOUS! SHE DID KILL JAMES! ONLY SHE COULD HAVE!
NO, MRS. WARD-- THE KILLER SHOT MR. UPTON THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE ELEVATOR ROOF!
BUT THERE WAS NO ONE ATOP THE ELEVATOR! HE WOULD HAVE LEFT TRACES --GOTTEN FILTHY...
"HE DID! BUT HE WORE COVERALLS, DISGUISED AS AN EXTERMINATOR! THAT ALSO LET HIM LUG THE SPRAY TANK AROUND WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION!
"WHEN HE HEARD MR. UPTON HAS COMING, HE SLIPPED UP TO THE ROOF, CLIMBED ATOP THE ELEVATOR THROUGH THE MAINTENANCE ENTRANCE, AND RODE IT DOWN...
"...HE SHOT AND KILLED MR. UPTON THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE ROOF. MRS. UPTON, ALREADY COMBATTING HER CLAUSTROPHOBIA, FAINTED FROM THE ADDED SHOCK...
"HE TOSSED THE GUN AND HANDKERCHIEF OVER THE SIDE, THEN SPRAYED THE ELEVATOR TOP WITH A MIXTURE OF GREASE AND DIRT, CONTAINED IN THE SPRAY TANK, TO COVER HIS TRACKS...
"BEFORE REMOVING THE COVERALLS AND HIDING HIS EQUIPMENT DOWN HERE, THE COVERALLS KEPT HIM CLEAN..."
...WHICH WAS IMPORTANT, SINCE THE KILLER HAD TO ATTEND AN ELEVEN O'CLOCK MEETING MR. UPTON HAD CALLED. HE COULDN'T LET ON THAT HE KNEW IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN!
ONE OF US? THAT'S ABSURD!


THEN WHY DIDN'T THE KILLER JUST LEAVE THE BUILDING AND TAKE THE EXTERMINATOR DISGUISE WITH HIM? THE BUILDING WASN'T SEALED UNTIL LONG AFTER THE MURDER!
HE COULDN'T -- BECAUSE HE HAD TO BE HERE.
"BUT WHO WAS THE EXTERMINATOR? IT WASN'T MRS. WARD, OR--TO BE TRULY ABSURD-- MRS. RIGGS THAT LEAVES THE MEN... "
IT WASN'T ME! I CAN BARELY WALK STAIRS WITHOUT MY CANE! YOU CAN CHECK WITH MY DOCTOR!
WE DID. YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH. THAT LEAVES YOU, MR UPTON...
DOES THIS CONSTITUTE A CONFESSION?
HIS FIRST WIFE'S MURDER WAS THE FIRST STEP--TO TAKE HER OUT OF JAMES'S WILL AND CONTROL THE COMPANY. BUT HE ALWAYS SUSPECTED... AND I KNEW WHAT THIS MEETING WAS ABOUT! EVERY-ONE STAY BACK!
AFRAID NOT, UPTON! YOU'RE TAKING THE FALL!
FWOOOSH
BANNNG
NICELY DONE, ACE. I HAVE A HAIRDRESSING APPOINTMENT THIS AFTERNOON, BUT I THINK I CAN FIND TIME FOR LUNCH...
SKLIKK
ONE THING'S SURE... THIS DAY CAN ONLY GO UP FROM HERE!


I'M SORRY WE'RE RUNNING A LITTLE LATE TODAY, MISS MAYS.
TAKE YOUR TIME, MONIQUE. AFTER THE MORNING I'VE HAD, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS.
AFTERNOON:
"MURDER by a Hair"
MIKE W. BARR
Writer/Creator
RICK MAGYAR
Artist
VICKIE WILLIAMS
Letters
SCOTT ROCKWELL
Colors
"YOUR BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE DOING VERY WELL."
"IT IS, MISS MAYS. SO WELL THAT MY HUSBAND ERIC AND I ARE THINKING OF OPENING A SECOND SHOP..."
Monique's Beauty
...IF WE CAN GET THE FINANCING, OF COURSE.
YES, THAT CAN BE VERY DIFFICULT.

"I'D NEED TO HIRE SOME MORE HELP, TOO--ERIC AND CARL WON'T BE ENOUGH IF I OPEN ANOTHER SHOP."
MONIQUE, CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?
OF COURSE, DARLING. WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME, MISS MAYS?
I'M IN NO HURRY, MONIQUE.
...I'VE BROUGHT SOMETHING TO KEEP ME OCCUPIED.
LOGIC PUZZLES
HAIR APPARENT
LOGIC PUZZLES
You walk into a barber shop you have never entered before. There are two barbers, one with a good haircut, one with a bad haircut. Which do you choose?
"THIS SOUNDS LIKE IT'S RIGHT UP GABE'S ALLEY! LET'S SEE IF I CAN THINK LIKE HIM FOR A CHANGE..."
HAVE YOU ASKED CARL ABOUT THE LOAN YET?
NOT YET, DARLING... I THINK IT'S BEST TO WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.
BUT SOON?
SOON, YES, ERIC... THEN WE'LL OPEN A CHAIN OF SHOPS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
2

Story continues after insert.

INNOVATION
#0
the MAZE AGENCY®
by Mike W. Barr & Alan Davis
THIS ISSUE:
"THE MILE-HIGH CORPSE!"
ALAN DAVIS
® and TM 1989 Mike W. Barr

Pictured: Alan Davis's original character designs for Jennifer Mays and Gabriel Webb

THE MAZE AGENCY
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THE STORY BEHIND THIS STORY

In the summer of 1986, I finally began earnest preparation of a project I'd entertained for some time: a new comic book series that would feature whodunits -- detective stories with clues fairly presented to the reader, solved by engaging, likeable characters. That this goes against every available piece of conventional wisdom about comics -- then and even more so now -- only strengthened my resolve.

I decided to write and publish a short comic book introducing the characters to what I had decided would be called *The Maze Agency* for two purposes: to have something tangible to show to publishers who would be automatically wary of a comic book that was bereft of super-heroes, and to be able to copyright and trademark the creation. I've had ideas stolen from me before.

My choice for artist was an obvious one -- in fact, the only obvious choice involved in creating a new series. British artist Alan Davis and I had collaborated successfully on *Batman and the Outsiders* at DC, and were at that time, lifting *Detective Comics* out of a long-time sales doldrums, aided in both cases by inker Paul Neary. Alan quickly accepted and drew the six-page story "The Mile-High Corpse!", after doing model sheets for Jen and Gabe. (It was Alan who gave Jen her cute little forelock. If you don't like it -- as I didn't, at first -- give it a chance, it'll grow on you.)

I commissioned ace letter Todd Klein to not only see the story through the various stages of production, but to design the *Maze* logo as well, perhaps the first logo in the history of comics that's a functional game as well as a masthead.

The Maze Agency #0 was mentioned several times in the publicity and letter columns for *Maze*, and quickly became one of the most famous unpublished stories in comics. Readers wanted to see it, and how. I was in entire agreement...but where?

Well, how about in ***THE MAZE AGENCY SPECIAL #1***, which had been in the planning stages at Comico, and was now coming to term at Innovation, as a pull-out mini-comic?

With the three stories already commissioned, it would make the ***SPECIAL*** a full 32-page book, and finally give Alan's work the audience it deserves.

Namely, you.

-- Mike W. Barr
September 9, 1989

COME ON, GABE! MY VACATION'S NOT GETTING ANY LONGER!
WHAT'S THE HURRY, JENNIFER? ENGLAND'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
"BUT THAT PLANE IS, AND IF WE'RE NOT ON IT...!"
"I HEAR YOU, JEN."
the MAZE AGENCY™
THE MILE HIGH CORPSE!
MIKE W. BARR
CREATOR/WRITER/EDITOR
ALAN DAVIS
ARTIST
TODD KLEIN
LETTERS/LOGO

YOU'RE IN 4E; MISS MAYS, AND MR. WEBB IS IN 4F, BOTH NONSMOKING. I'M NANCY, IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, JUST ASK.
THANKS VERY MUCH.

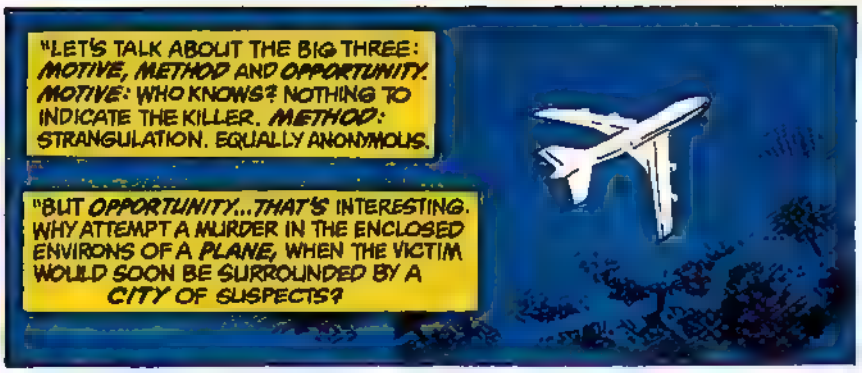
MY, THESE ACCOMMODATIONS ARE VERY NICE.
FOR THE MONEY THEY'RE ASKING, THEY'D BETTER BE.
YOU KNOW YOU COULD DOUBLE YOUR INCOME, ACE, IF YOU CAME TO WORK FOR THE MAZE AGENCY.
NO THANKS, BABE. THE LAST TIME I CHECKED, YOU WERE STILL BOSS THERE, AND LOVE AND WORK JUST DON'T MIX.
SPEAKING OF LOVE, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF "THE MILE HIGH CLUB," JEN? IT'S A CLUB FOR PEOPLE WHO'VE MADE LOVE IN FLIGHT...
DON'T CHILL THE WINE JUST YET, ROMEO; WE'RE NOT ALONE HERE.
"HE LOOKS LIKE A REAL PARTY MAN. WONDER WHO HE IS."
"SOME CRIME WRITER YOU ARE, GABE. THAT'S ARTHUR MONDELLO."
I KNEW THAT. I'M JUST SURPRISED THEY LET HIM OUT OF THE COUNTRY, WITH ALL THE ORGANIZED CRIME INDICTMENTS AGAINST HIM.
SO FAR, HE'S WALKED AWAY CLEAN FROM ALL OF THEM--EVEN THE TRIAL AFTER THE SLAUGHTER IN THAT RESTAURANT, LAST YEAR.

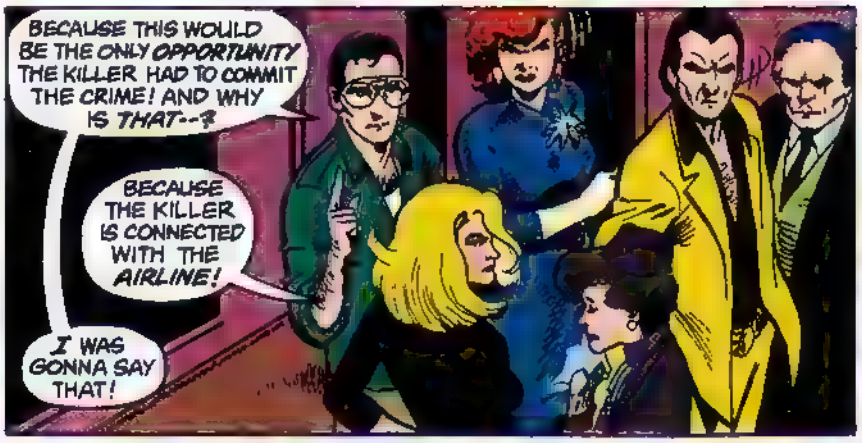
"HE'S AN AMERICAN, JEN; HE HAS THE RIGHT TO CONFRONT HIS ACCUSERS--THEN INTIMIDATE THEM. I'LL BET HIS ENTOURAGE HAS WALLPAPERED A FEW POST OFFICE WALLS, TOO."
"NO POINTS FOR THAT GUESS. THEY'RE HIS RIGHT-HAND MEN...
"...CHARLIE 'GARROTTE' GARRETT...
CRAKK!
"...AND 'STEEL' STOLANSKI."
"NICE GUYS, IF YOU LIKE THE SMELL OF BLOOD."
"AND WHAT ABOUT HER?"
"HER, I DON'T KNOW, BUT SHE'S WEARING A WEDDING RING. I HOPE SHE'S NOT EXPECTING MUCH IN THE WAY OF FIDELITY, HE'S PROBABLY GOT A GIRL IN EVERY PORT."
OR, KNOWING HIM, UNDER EVERY PORT.
I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE NOT MORE FAMILIAR WITH HIM, GABE. CHARMERS LIKE HIM ARE YOUR BREAD AND BUTTER, AREN'T THEY?
PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS FOR TAKE OFF...
"I WRITE UP MY TAXES, TOO--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I STUDY THE I.R.S."

REAL TRUE Detective
EEEEEK!
JESUS, WHAT WAS --
LET'S FIND OUT.
WHAT WAS THAT?
WHERE'S MISTER M.?
HE'S RIGHT HERE...
I WAS CLEANING UP AFTER DINNER... I NOTICED TC WAS MISSING, SO I ASSUMED HE WAS IN THE BATHROOM...
...BUT HE WAS STILL GONE, 15 MINUTES LATER, SO I JUST KNOCKED TO ASK IF HE NEEDED ANYTHING...THERE WAS NO ANSWER, SO I TRIED THE DOOR, AND... AND...

ONE'A YOU KILLED HIM-- SOLD HIM OUT TO SOME OTHER MOB BOSS!
YOU'RE NUTS. HE WAS MY MEAL TICKET. MAYBE YOU OFFED 'IM!
YEAH!
AND YOU WERE SLEEPING WHEN MR. MONDELLO WAS MURDERED, MRS. MONDELLO...?
CALL ME CHERYL. THEY;snif; SAY THEY WERE SLEEPING, BUT I REALLY WAS, ;snif; THIS WAS OUR HONEY-MOON, AND NOW--
MISS MAYS?
THE STEWARDESSES SAY NO ONE CAME UP FROM COACH, AND WE'VE HAD OUR HANDS FULL WITH THIS STORM.
I JUST TALKED TO HEATHROW, MISS MAYS, AND THE JURISDICTIONAL QUESTION'S A NIGHTMARE. THEY ASK YOU TO DO WHATEVER YOU CAN.
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN BRADSHAW, I JUST MIGHT.
I'D SAY HE DIED WITHIN THE LAST HALF-HOUR, GABE.
YOU'RE THE EXPERT, JEN, BUT I'D AGREE...
"...AND I'D SAY HE WAS STRANGLED... BY THIS GOLD CHAIN...
"...AND I FOUND SOMETHING ELSE ON THE FLOOR, JEN..."
...YOUR PASSPORT, MRS. MONDELLO. WHOEVER MURDERED MR. MONDELLO TRIED TO INVOLVE YOU ALL: HE WAS GARROTTED, MR. GARRETT... WITH YOUR GOLD CHAIN, MR. STOLANSKI...
HUH...?
MAYBE THEY'RE ALL IN IT, TOGETHER!
THEN THEY'D ALIBI EACH OTHER, TOO. NO, ONE OF THEM DID IT.
WHOEVER IT WAS, HE TOOK A BIG CHANCE. HE'S LUCKY HE WASN'T SEEN.

OF COURSE. I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT IMMEDIATELY!
SEEN WHAT, GABE? DON'T KEEP IT A SECRET.

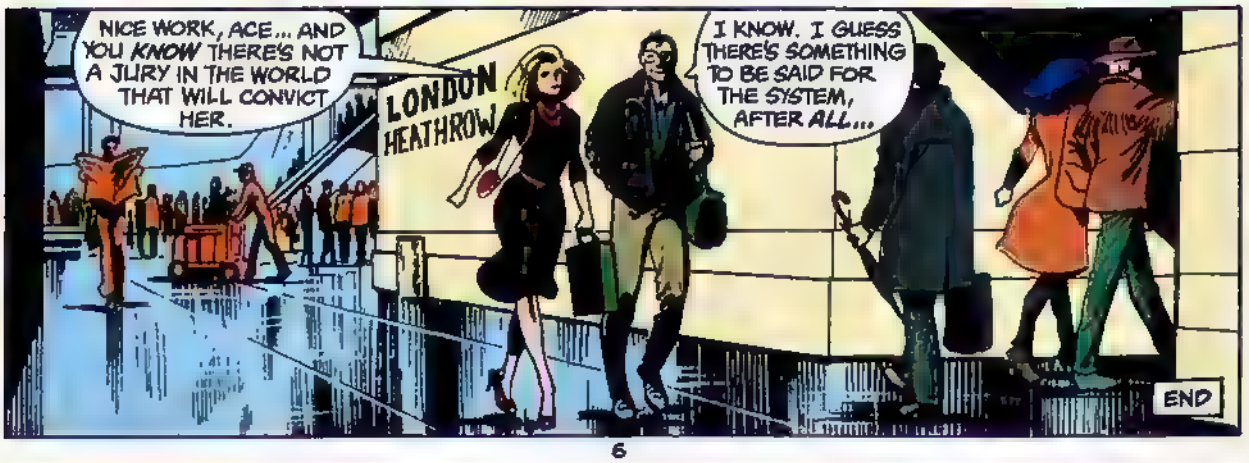

"LET'S TALK ABOUT THE BIG THREE: MOTIVE, METHOD AND OPPORTUNITY. MOTIVE: WHO KNOWS? NOTHING TO INDICATE THE KILLER. METHOD: STRANGULATION. EQUALLY ANONYMOUS.
"BUT OPPORTUNITY...THAT'S INTERESTING. WHY ATTEMPT A MURDER IN THE ENCLOSED ENVIRONS OF A PLANE, WHEN THE VICTIM WOULD SOON BE SURROUNDED BY A CITY OF SUSPECTS?

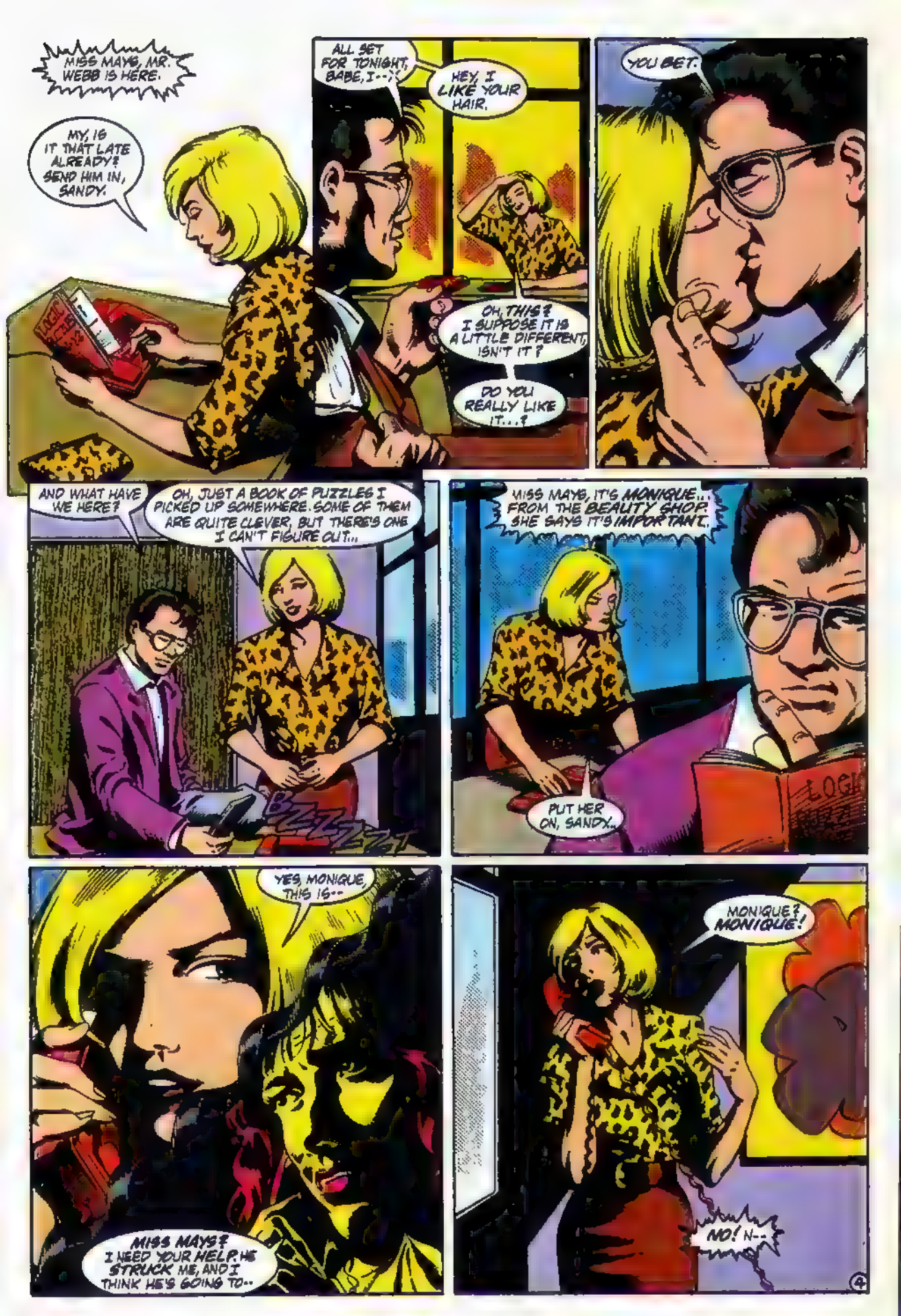

BECAUSE THIS WOULD BE THE ONLY OPPORTUNITY THE KILLER HAD TO COMMIT THE CRIME! AND WHY IS THAT--?
BECAUSE THE KILLER IS CONNECTED WITH THE AIRLINE!
I WAS GONNA SAY THAT!

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. I DIDN'T--

...I DID. MY BROTHER DIED IN THE RESTAURANT MURDER. MONDELLO ORDERED. HE WAS JUST A KID, A WAITER...

I TOOK THE THINGS FROM THE SLEEPING PASSENGERS, THEN I CAME ON TO HIM, IN THE LAVATORY. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE HARD, BUT IT WASN'T...


NICE WORK, ACE... AND YOU KNOW THERE'S NOT A JURY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL CONVICT HER.
LONDON HEATHROW
I KNOW. I GUESS THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THE SYSTEM, AFTER ALL...
END


MISS MAYS, MR. WEBB IS HERE.
MY, IS IT THAT LATE ALREADY? SEND HIM IN, SANDY.
ALL SET FOR TONIGHT, BABE, I--
HEY, I LIKE YOUR HAIR.
OH, THIS? I SUPPOSE IT IS A LITTLE DIFFERENT, ISN'T IT?
DO YOU REALLY LIKE IT...?
YOU BET.
AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
OH, JUST A BOOK OF PUZZLES I PICKED UP SOMEWHERE. SOME OF THEM ARE QUITE CLEVER, BUT THERE'S ONE I CAN'T FIGURE OUT...
BZZZZZT
MISS MAYS, IT'S MONIQUE... FROM THE BEAUTY SHOP. SHE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT.
PUT HER ON, SANDY.
YES, MONIQUE, THIS IS--
MISS MAYS? I NEED YOUR HELP. HE STRUCK ME, AND I THINK HE'S GOING TO..
MONIQUE? MONIQUE!
NO! N--
4

SANDY, CALL THE POLICE! BABE, COME WITH ME!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, JEN!
I'M JENNIFER MAYS. I CALLED THE POLICE--!
YEAH, MISS MAYS. LIEUTENANT BLISS SAID T'LET YOU THROUGH..
Monique's Beauty
HELLO, MISS MAYS, YOU'RE HAVING A BUSY DAY, AREN'T YOU? LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE A LITTLE LATE.
TO SAVE HER? I'M AFRAID SO, LIEUTENANT.
"...BUT MAYBE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO FIND WHO DID THIS."
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE MURDER WEAPON--NO PRINTS ON IT, OF COURSE--AND SINCE THE SHOP WASN'T ROBBED, AND THE VICTIM WASN'T RAPED...
"...THAT MAKES THE MOTIVE PERSONAL."
GOT 'EM RIGHT HERE, LIEUTENANT--NEITHER OF 'EM HAVE AN ALIBI, EITHER!
WHY WOULD I NEED AN ALIBI? I LEFT AFTER GETTING A HAIRCUT..
...BUT MONIQUE WAS IN BACK, DOING THE BOOKS. SHE STAYED LATE TO TALK TO THIS... MURDERER ABOUT GIVING US A LOAN!
SHE WAS ALIVE WHEN I LEFT HER, AS WELL! WE AGREED SHE AND I WOULD BE PARTNERS IN A CHAIN OF SHOPS--AFTER SHE DIVORCED YOU!
WELL, I'D SAY THE MOTIVE LOOKS PRETTY CLEAR... MONIQUE WAS PLAYING BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE AND GOT CAUGHT.
I'M AFRAID SO. I'D SUSPECT ERIC AND CARL OF COLLUSION, BUT IN THAT CASE, THEY'D EACH HAVE AN ALIBI. ONE OF THEM CAME BACK... WHICH ONE?
5

THIS MAY BE OPEN-AND-SHUT AFTER ALL. THE MEDICAL EXAMINER REPORTS THE VICTIM HAD THESE SNIPS OF RED HAIR ON HER PERSON...
RED HAIR? YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, LIEUTENANT?
RED HAIR! THAT MEANS HER HUSBAND KILLED HER!
WELL, OF COURSE! THAT'S THE ANSWER TO MY LOGIC PUZZLE...AND TO THIS MURDER!
WHAT'S A STUPID PUZZLE GOT TO DO WITH THIS?
"IN A BARBER SHOP ONE BARBER HAS A GOOD HAIRCUT, ONE HAS A BAD HAIRCUT-- WHICH ONE DO YOU CHOOSE?"
THE ANSWER IS, "YOU GO TO THE ONE WITH THE BAD HAIRCUT, BECAUSE THEY CUT EACH OTHER'S HAIR!" EACH PATRON IS VACUUMED OFF AFTER GETTING A HAIRCUT...
...SO THE ONLY PLACE TUFTS OF RED HAIR COULD HAVE GOTTEN ON MONIQUE WAS FROM CARL-- THE BARBER WHO CUT ERIC'S HAIR!
YES...ERIC CUT MY HAIR, THEN I CUT HIS...THEN HE LEFT...
...I LEFT, BUT I CAME BACK...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABE?
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR TRYING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF WORK.
LITTERING IS FILTHY AND SELFISH SO DON'T DO IT!
OFF DUTY
LOGIC PUZZLES
END
6

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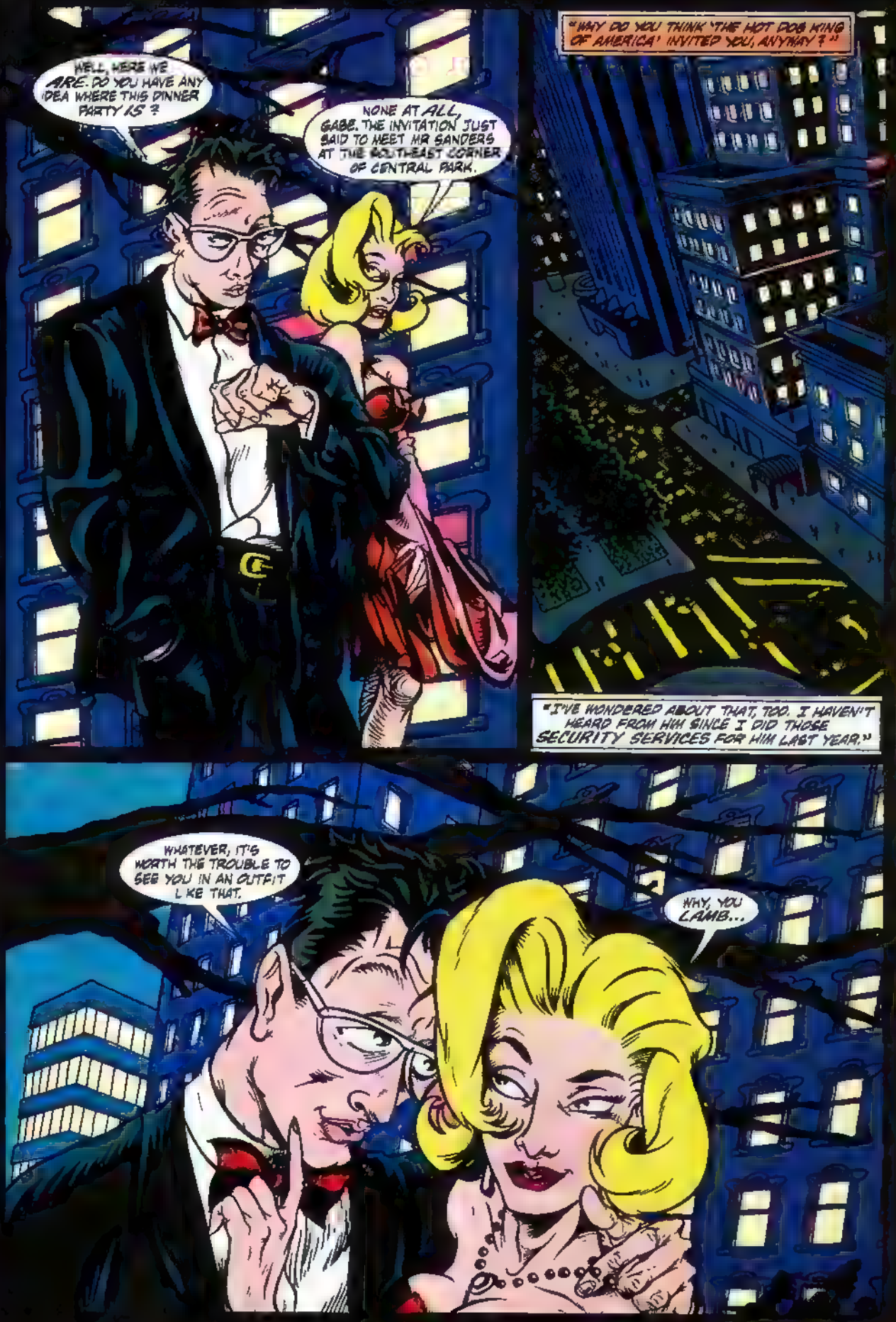
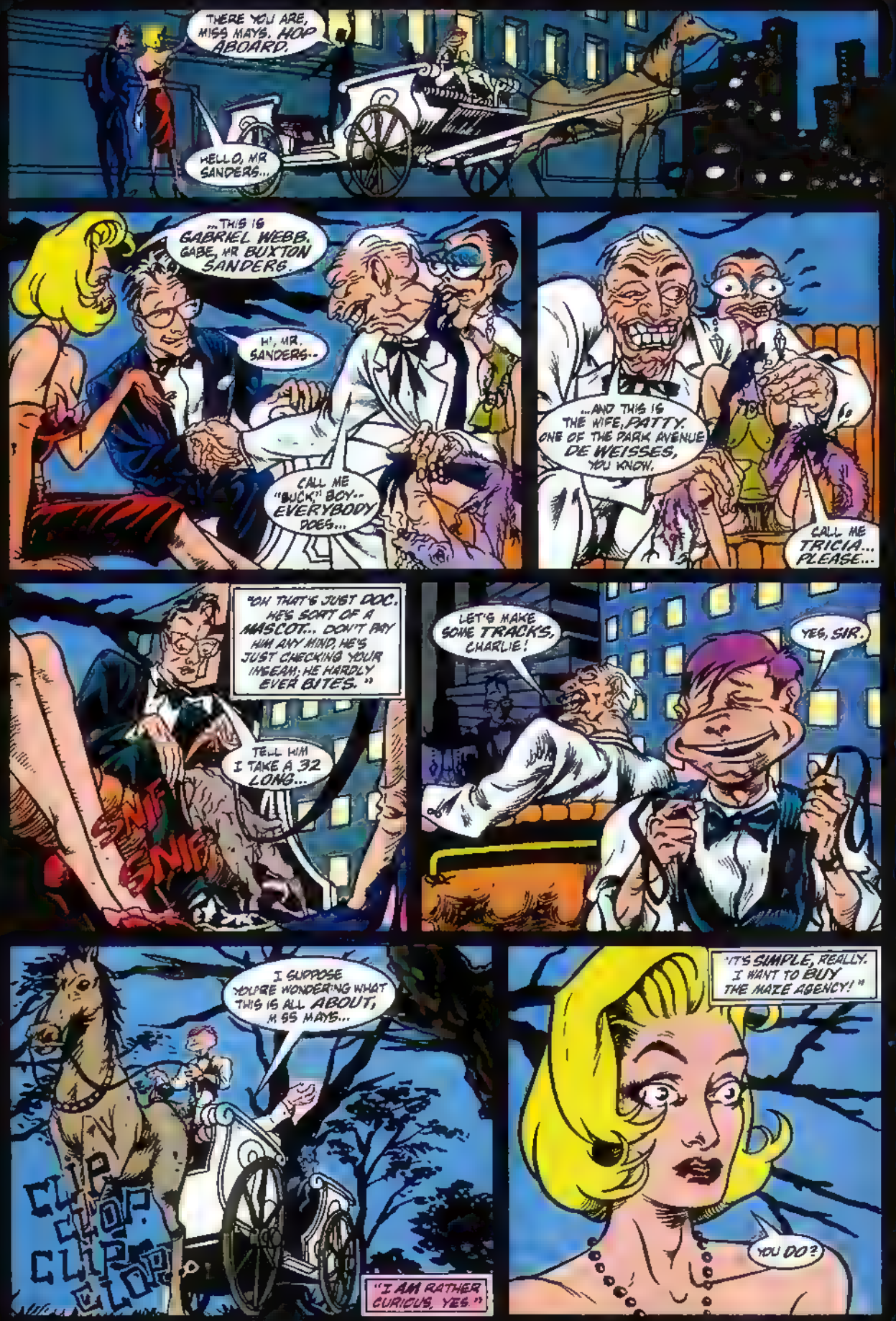
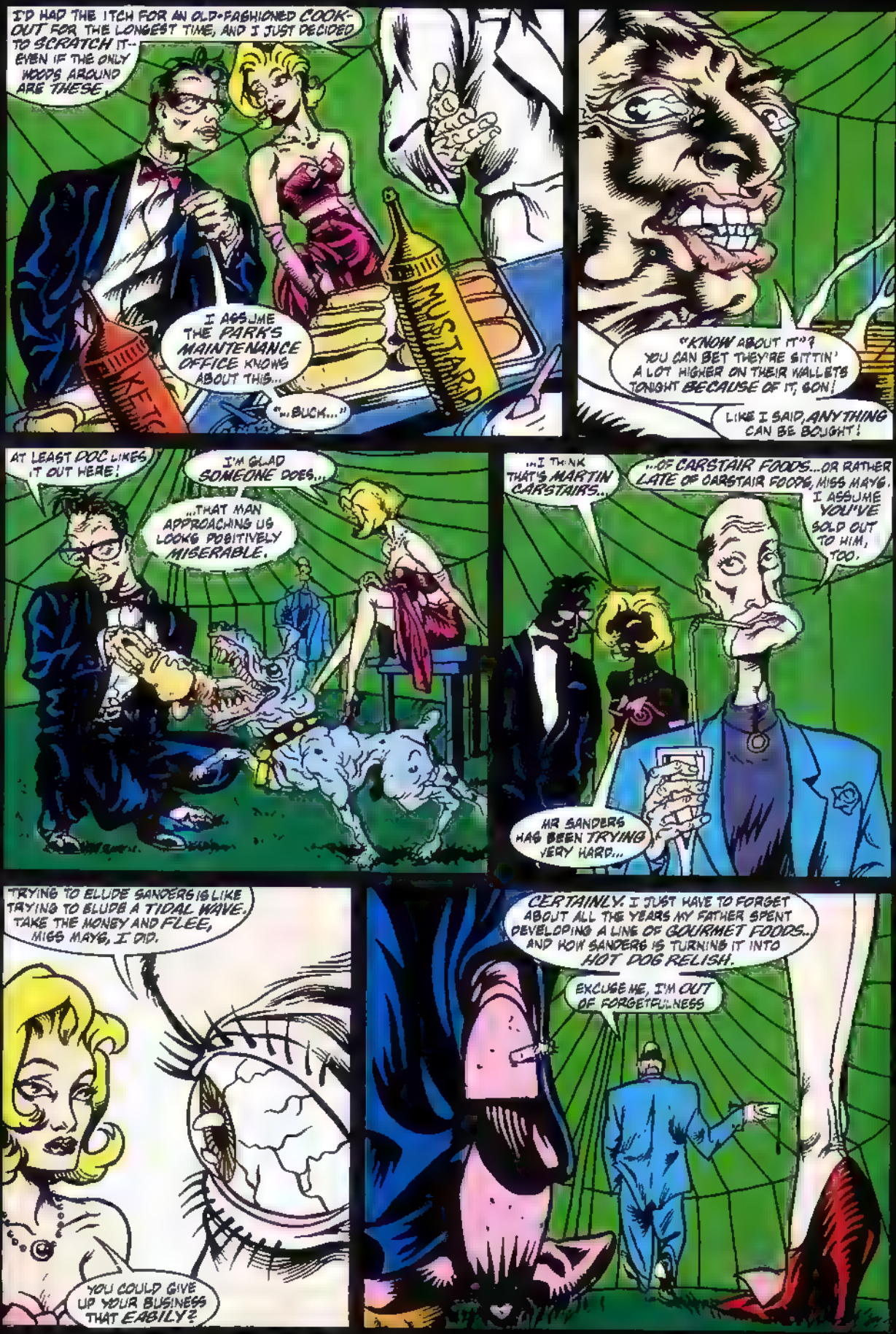

WELL, HERE WE ARE. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE THIS DINNER PARTY IS?
NONE AT ALL, GABE. THE INVITATION JUST SAID TO MEET MR SANDERS AT THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF CENTRAL PARK.
"WHY DO YOU THINK 'THE HOT DOG KING OF AMERICA' INVITED YOU, ANYWAY?"
"I'VE WONDERED ABOUT THAT, TOO. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE I DID THOSE SECURITY SERVICES FOR HIM LAST YEAR."
WHATEVER, IT'S WORTH THE TROUBLE TO SEE YOU IN AN OUTFIT LIKE THAT.
WHY, YOU LAMB...


THERE YOU ARE, MISS MAYS. HOP ABOARD.
HELLO, MR SANDERS...
...THIS IS GABRIEL WEBB. GABE, MR BUXTON SANDERS.
HI', MR. SANDERS...
CALL ME "BUCK" BOY.. EVERYBODY DOES...
...AND THIS IS THE WIFE, PATTY. ONE OF THE PARK AVENUE DE WEISSES, YOU KNOW.
CALL ME TRICIA... PLEASE...
"OH THAT'S JUST DOC. HE'S SORT OF A MASCOT... DON'T PAY HIM ANY MIND, HE'S JUST CHECKING YOUR IMGEAM; HE HARDLY EVER BITES."
TELL HIM I TAKE A 32 LONG...
SNIF SNIF
LET'S MAKE SOME TRACKS, CHARLIE!
YES, SIR.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, MISS MAYS...
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP
"I AM RATHER CURIOUS, YES"
"IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY. I WANT TO BUY THE MAZE AGENCY!"
YOU DO?

I'M GOING TO! MAZE IS A LITTLE SMALL, BUT IT'S GROWING, AND IT'S GOT A GOOD NAME! THAT'S WHY I WANT IT! I'M DIVERSIFYING!
I'M VERY FLATTERED, MR SANDERS, BUT THE MAZE AGENCY IS NOT FOR SALE!
EVERYTHING'S FOR SALE IN THIS WORLD, MISS MAYS! ANYTHING CAN BE BOUGHT! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, PATTY?
THAT'S ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT, DEAR...
SANDERS OBVIOUSLY BOUGHT HIS WAY INTO NEW YORK SOCIETY BY MARRYING INTO THE DE WEISSES! THEY HAVE GALLONS OF BLUE BLOOD...
...BUT NO FOLDING GREEN, EH?
WELL, WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER! RIGHT NOW, I WANT YOU TO ENJOY YOURSELVES!
I WASN'T AWARE THERE WERE ANY RESTAURANTS THIS FAR INTO CENTRAL PARK, MR SANDERS
THERE ARE NOW.


I'D HAD THE ITCH FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED COOK-OUT FOR THE LONGEST TIME, AND I JUST DECIDED TO SCRATCH IT-- EVEN IF THE ONLY WOODS AROUND ARE THESE.
I ASSUME THE PARK'S MAINTENANCE OFFICE KNOWS ABOUT THIS...
"...BUCK..."
MUSTARD
"KNOW ABOUT IT"? YOU CAN BET THEY'RE SITTIN' A LOT HIGHER ON THEIR WALLETS TONIGHT BECAUSE OF IT, SON!
LIKE I SAID, ANYTHING CAN BE BOUGHT!
AT LEAST DOC LIKES IT OUT HERE!
I'M GLAD SOMEONE DOES...
...THAT MAN APPROACHING US LOOKS POSITIVELY MISERABLE.
...I THINK THAT'S MARTIN CARSTAIRS...
...OF CARSTAIR FOODS...OR RATHER LATE OF CARSTAIR FOODS, MISS MAYG. I ASSUME YOU'VE SOLD OUT TO HIM, TOO.
MR SANDERS HAS BEEN TRYING VERY HARD...
TRYING TO ELUDE SANDERS IS LIKE TRYING TO ELUDE A TIDAL WAVE. TAKE THE MONEY AND FLEE, MISS MAYG, I DID.
YOU COULD GIVE UP YOUR BUSINESS THAT EASILY?
CERTAINLY. I JUST HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT ALL THE YEARS MY FATHER SPENT DEVELOPING A LINE OF GOURMET FOODS... AND HOW SANDERS IS TURNING IT INTO HOT DOG RELISH.
EXCUSE ME, I'M OUT OF FORGETFULNESS

EVERYBODY LISTEN UP. BEFORE WE CHOW DOWN, I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEONE...
--CHARLIE, YOU GET THAT STUFF READY NOW--
YES, SIR.
DING A LING
--WANT YOU TO MEET DICKIE FIELDING HIS BAKERY FIELDING'S, HAS BECOME PART OF THE GANDER'S FAMILY, AND IS GONNA BE TURNIN' OUT THESE FINE HOT DOG BUNS EXCLUSIVELY!
?
MR GANDERS, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU...?
THE REST OF YOU ALL DIG IN... WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
AT IS NEAT.
YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE MY NAME OFF THE BAKERY WHEN YOU TOOK IT OVER!
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT! BESIDES, THE NAME IS WHAT MAKES THE PLACE WORTH SO DAMN MUCH!
THEN WHY L.H.T. ITS PRODUCTION? WHY DID YOU FIRE SO MANY EMPLOYEES?
YOU GOTTA CONSOLIDATE, DICKIE--CUT OUT THE DEADWOOD! LET'S EAT, I'M FAMISHED!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT DIRTY HARRY SAYS, BABE? "NOBODY EATS KETCHUP ON A HOT DOG."
I DO...

SORRY I'VE BEEN NEGLECTIN' YOU, PATTY! > SMAK<
BUCK-EEE, PLEASE...!
NOW FOR MY FAVORITE PART--EATIN' 'EM! WITH EVERYTHING OF COURSE... CAN'T SHOW ANY FAVORITES...
THAT ONE DIDN'T GO DOWN TOO WELL, MAYBE--
GA-OOORK
IS HE DEAD?
BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND, PROBABLY. I'LL KEEP THE PEACE HERE, GABE...
"...YOU'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE."
ARE YOU TWO GOING FOR A MARATHON OR SOMETHING? YOU OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP AS CARRIERS! I WAS JUST PUTTING MY KIDS TO BED!
I ASSURE YOU, WE'RE VERY SORRY, LIEUTENANT BLISS...
N.Y.P.D.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE KILLED HIM, YOU KNOW...
"I KNOW, BUT YOU'D THINK THESE GUYS WOULD KNOW BETTER BY NOW THAN TO TURN THEIR BACKS ON PEOPLE THEY'VE SCREWED..."

GOT THE LAB REPORT IN, LOOT--SANDERS WAS POISONED, BUT THERE WAS NO POISON IN THE DOGS, THE BUNS, THE BOOZE, OR THE... WHATYACALL... THE CONDIMENTS.
WHAT?
I THOUGHT THAT WAS APPARENT, LIEUTENANT. WE ALL HAD THE CONDIMENTS, BUT ONLY SANDERS IS DEAD.
BUT HE ATE ALL THE CONDIMENTS--MAYBE THERE WAS ONE INGREDIENT IN EACH OF THEM, AND TOGETHER THEY MADE UP THE POISON!
UNLIKELY, LIEUTENANT. THE KILLER COULDN'T BE SURE SOMEONE ELSE WOULDN'T USE ALL THE CONDIMENTS AND GET POISONED, WARNING SANDERS.
THEN IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--!
"I KNOW WHO POISONED SANDERS...!"
HER. SHE KISSED HIM. HER LIPSTICK IS POISONED!
NO--!
NO, MR. FIELDING. A POISON THAT DEADLY WOULD HAVE KILLED HER, TOO.
AND IT WASN'T THE NAPKINS, EITHER; WE ALL USED THOSE, TOO. MURDERING SANDERS WAS A QUESTION OF CONTROLLING THE POISON'S DISTRIBUTION, AND THERE'S ONE MEDIUM WE HAVEN'T CONSIDERED...

"...THE SKENNERS. AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THOSE WAS CONTROLLED BY--CHARLIE, WASN'T IT? NOT THAT IT MATTERS MUCH, YOUR PRINTS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE!"
OH, HELL.
YES. MY TRUCKING COMPANY HAD AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT WITH FIELDING'S BAKERY--SANDERS'S "CONSOLIDATION" RUINED ME.
EEP
HE MIGHT HAVE BOUGHT MY COMPANY--IF THERE'D BEEN ANY VALUE TO THE NAME! EVERYONE GET BACK!
GIDDYAP!
"HOW'D YOU DO THAT, JEN?"
I KNOW ALL ABOUT HORSES, REMEMBER? I USED TO HAVE ONE WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.
OH, YEAH. YOU KNOW ANY TRICKS FOR REPELLING DOGS?
SNIF
SNIF
END

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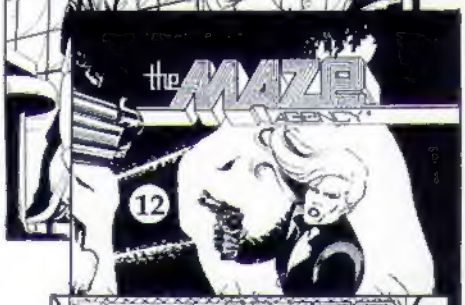

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